

Early days in California; scenes and events of the '50s as I remember them. By Mrs. Lee Whipple-Haslam

EARLY DAYS *in California Scenes and Events of the '50s as I Remember Them* Written by Mrs. Lee Whipple-Haslam Jamestown, California

Dedication

To the Pioneer Auxiliary I dedicate this history of one decade, from 1850—1860, a history unique in its class, representing an epoch that to the new generations is one of mystery and doubt.

The noble women of the Pioneer Auxiliary are placing an indelible stamp on the sands of time, by the achievement of noble aspirations, and the very best of human endeavor.

Written in 1922 and 1923 by MRS. LEE WHIPPLE-HASLAM.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR AND TWO FRIENDS This picture will exemplify a lonely childhood. My playmates in 1854 and friends until their death occurred more than half a century later. (Photo taken in 1908).

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Early Days in California

This history is not creative, but is a laying up of facts, gathered from the storehouse of memory. We all hear the echoing footsteps of the past years. Conditions were the same in all the counties producing placer gold in quantities. From Mariposa to the Nevada State Line, or what is known as the Mother Lode counties, at the time I write of was unsurveyed territory, of a vast uncharted domain. All contained the same human characteristics—"The element of Love and Hate." The same wonders, terrors, pleasures and dangers were encountered every day. The same constant fight for supremacy with human microbes and parasites that were a living danger and menace to safe and

sane living. Each county was a unit of an unparalleled union of noble men and women who were the vanguards of civilization.

Preface

This is an age of criticism, and almost everybody is infected with the virus of criticism. And while the reader criticises the many mistakes and imperfections found in the annals I now write, "Remember! I lived through the tumultuous, turbulent, maniacal days," unparalleled by time or place. Remember, that the force of habit is sometimes confusing. As my educational advantages were limited, and while my writing may be comprehensive, there will be much to criticise, for I cannot conform with the new age of education. All histories I have ever read of early days are mostly exaggerated bunk, and are more often taken for their apparent value than for their intrinsic worth. During a long span of life, of more than three quarters of a century, I have seen life from many lopsided angles, and have learned many lessons not taught by books.

I know, notwithstanding the romantic chronicles written by versatile writers, nothing authentic can be written of the detail of the daily life, and the hopes and aspirations that inspired heroism in the Early Day Pioneer. "They write what they know not of." They never saw him standing by his sluice boxes washing gold from the clay and gravel, and at night climb from the pit, wet cold and hungry, and light a fire to warm cold beans and coffee, and dry his brogan boots or Mongolian sox.

Many were known only by a sobriquet. They lived in Tuolumne for a time. They worked hard and lived a rough life. They filled their appointed days and sojourn in Tuolumne with honor. They have passed from the knowledge of men, as ordained, replaced by a new generation. Let us cherish the names and memory of men, we certainly know, were the vanguard of civilization, and give to the native daughters and sons the best history on the earth.

I was reading an extract from an Oakland paper sent me a few days ago. It spoke of the early day life as 4 surrounded in a glow of mystery that is difficult to penetrate. And of the real life, language and dress of those days to me there is no mystery. As for dress, it was Hopkins' choice. It was not what we wanted but what we could get. Dry Goods were scarce, with but little variety to choose

from. A great many women and children wore no shoes during the warm summer weather. Style and fashions were unknown factors. Mrs. Grundy was not known; no one feared her slanderous tongue. We did not live on the hub of the world, but we did live on the isolated rim. Isolated from all the comforts and conveniences of even civilization. How could any writer be supposed to know the details of our daily life? In sickness, in sorrow or joy we were a united people.

The only shoes on the market for women and children were heavy, unlined copper-toed lace shoes that acted on the feet like a hot foot bath during warm weather. But in '54 one could buy more comfortable shoes. In early days soap was scarce and almost prohibitive in price. The Indians taught my mother how to use soap root. It was a good substitute for soap, and had great cleansing properties. Our clothes were washed and patched until one could not tell the original color or texture of a garment. "Ah, me!" I smile when I see the present generation trying to imitate the primitive '49 dress. They are just about as near the mark as are the histories one reads. But when large freight teams improved the transportation facilities from Stockton and Sacramento to the mines, and the quantity and quality of dry goods met the demand, conditions changed.

Men did not have hip pockets or low-necked, short-sleeved, silk sport shirts, or universally shave as they do now. Some shaved, while others did not. Women wore skirts to their insteps, and no hoops. Dresses were not abbreviated above; and below. They wore their hair in smooth bands or braids. With these exceptions I have mentioned, the decent class of men and women dressed very much the same as the working housewife, and workman, dress today. Naturally there was no comparison in the texture, color, or quality of the goods. Shoes were seldom or never worn by men,—always high top boots. Brogans contained tacks in the soles for durability. Mongolian sox were squares of cloth just large enough to wrap around the foot after folding three square, made from shirt tails or flour sacks. The men usually wore suspenders and the women sunbonnets.

As for language, they spoke plain U.S., the very same that George Washington spoke when he offered his life so freely for the liberty of America, and that Abraham Lincoln spoke when he gave his heart's blood for freedom. But who are the slaves today? "And who and what are the masters?" In the olden days crime was confined to a small section of California; now it is ubiquitous. And life

is so full of pitfalls and temptations. I will admit a few from the slave states that were associated more or less with Negroes used, to an extent, the Negroes' vernacular. People in those days lived on a dirt floor. I did. They considered they were fortunate in having a roof that did not leak. And it was living the years on a dirt floor with those noble-hearted people that made me familiar with the details of early life, and from this view point, although humble, I have written this history.

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Introductory Chapter

Early Days from 1852 to 1860

Reader, it is difficult to draw a pen picture of scenes and conditions, and life, as it was lived during the gold excitement in California, from 1849 to 1860. It has been said that “life is a flame that burns quickly.” If I had some of the fire of my illustrious kinsman, Mark Twain, I might write these annals in an authentic, pleasing manner that would cast a luster on my name, and my epitaph be written in letters that would never fade. I will try to give an authentic illustration of pioneer days as only those can who by their indomitable courage and their equally indomitable will conquered the dangers of land and sea. No faint cloud of warning marred the serenity of the sky of life, or gave warning of the suffering, privations and dangers to be encountered, and that life was often the toll to be exacted from those who reaped the golden harvest in California.

Most of the pioneers were middle-aged. Some were mere youths who left the farm and plow to be pitch-forked into the conditions and evils of a life that they did not know. Some of these were saved from the wages of sin by the early teaching of a good mother. People were not judged by the clothes they wore. There were only two class distinctions in those days. Integrity, honesty and industry were the passwords to fellowship with the law-abiding class—an inevitable consequence of an assembly of men from every state in the Union; from every civilized nation; from the Orient and the Occident. California invited all people to her harvest of gold. And from all over the world they came. Many were characteristically good. Others were swept down by the cross-currents of association and environment, following the lines of least resistance, along the broad road, through

grades of degradation and sin, to an untimely death. Many were diamonds in the raw, but had the kindly instincts that go to the making of good men. Inadequately clothed, housed and fed, they made trails that others could follow and live in safety. But even in those early days life was not a long sad wail of sorrow, for common people can extract pleasure out of common things. Those old free, careless days were—and are—without parallel. I lived through those days, and, as the old timer would say, “I’m dog-on glad of it.”

Many, after long days of suffering—and death—were rolled in a blanket and laid to rest, with nothing more solemn than the lifting of hats. They left no record. And only the wind sighing a requiem through the trees is left of their earthly heritage. Even at this late day remnants of their insignia, or craft (shovels, picks and pans) may be found. For time, the destroyer of all things earthly, has swept aside “with the Pioneer his tradition, his trails and landmarks” into oblivion. A few lived their allotted span of life, where they dug for gold; others went glimmering with things that were, and a very few live to tell the tale.

Man cannot be the arbitrator of his life. While the cogs of his destiny turn, he looks to an intelligent Creator and Ruler of the Universe for a rest and peace not given by the transient possession of gold. At the present time, after having long passed the three score and ten milestones of life, with the usual gray hair and uncertain footsteps, in my daily dreams of retrospection and evolution, I almost dispute the fact of having lived through the early pioneer days.

The only tangible proof left by the miners of their sojourn and work in Tuolumne county is the vast field of limestone boulders to be seen between Sonora and Columbia, east of Table Mountain. At the junction of the roads the Native Daughters have placed a memorial to the early Pioneers. As a child I knew many of the miners, and loved the hands that lifted those vast boulders from their beds of clay. Oh, where are they? Those Pioneers. In dreams I see them still. They are at rest! No more they toil! They await the last glad morn, To hear the Master's voice repeat Thy work hath been well done. They are calling me; I know their voice, And I soon must answer their hail; I walked with them long years ago Along the sunset trail.

Crossing the Plains

In retrospection I recall the hot sand and alkali deserts, deprived of all the comforts, and most of the necessities, of life. I also recall the heroes whose life trail crossed my own “when I was a child,” with whose comradeship I went out to serve the needs of my generation as the vanguards of civilization.

There were no battlefields, but over every mile of the long trail stalked the shadow of death. And what was waiting to greet us in California? A wilderness marked by faint trails of wild Indian feet (wilder than wild animals that would tear with bloody claws) and slow, agonizing death caused by the poison fangs of rattlesnakes who were in countless numbers.

But, filled with the spirit of adventure, the pioneers entered that phase of human endeavor to conquer the wilderness and, as ordained by God, to civilize the Pacific slope. California in those days when “beans alone were a dollar a plate,” was a haven of safety. For all the plains Indians had declared war, and the trail we traveled in mental and physical agony was a bloody mark, for thousands of miles through an uncharted, unsurveyed domain that was destined to bloom as the Garden of Eden. And the trail (for it was nothing more) has been swept like the early Pioneer into the vanishing mists of oblivion.

Reader, I have tried to give you an unvarnished pen picture of scenes and conditions of the Mother Lode counties in the early days. I have lived, thank God, to see it today. Most all the Pioneers in those early days knew nothing about practical placer mining, had never seen gold in its raw, or unrefined, natural state. They could not have told the difference between a sluice box and a hog trough. The rocker and tail race, as introduced by the Mexicans, for several reasons was the most popular mode for washing pay gravel. Often where good pay gravel was found there was a scarcity of water; but it was mine or no eats.

A small leaf of history of the unknown mysteries of a great uncharted domain ten years before the stage line or pony express. Crossing the hot, sandy alkali deserts in the warm days of August wilts

the enthusiasm. As 7 Mark Twain once said, “The poetry is all in the anticipation, for there is none in reality.” Imagine a vast waveless ocean stricken dead, and turned to ashes. Imagine the lifeless silence and solitude. Imagine eighteen or twenty teams plowing through a thick haze of alkali dust, that penetrates and sifts through the clothing; sixty miles between waters. Imagine the sun beating down with malignant intensity, people and cattle suffering for water. That's an obstacle to consider. And in crossing the plains we encountered many obstacles—the high altitude and perpetual snow of the Rocky Mountains. But always nature has some compensation. After the storm the rainbow. After the desert clear streams of pure cold water, and meadows of waving grass. After a shortage of food, fat deer and trout. But it was thick or thin, prosperity and plenty, or next to nothing—feast or a famine, depending on the locality we were in. With all the blessing of nature, the alkali was working a double shift; we had sore eyes, nose bleed and a thousand other troubles caused by the cursed stuff. But there was more of it to follow.

We passed countless skeletons of cattle of all kinds, bleached by the hot sun. This road, followed by the early pioneers, through deserts and mountains of eternal snow, is a land of mystery, suffering and death that never has—and never will be—recorded or known. The wrecks of broken wagons, wagon chains, or yokes, and the countless bleached bones of suffering cattle is the only history they left on record for future generations to read.

I have been asked many times why it was always called “crossing the plains.” I will tell you: After crossing the Missouri river with its mud, stumps and logs, there were no mountains. Kansas and Nebraska, for seven or eight hundred miles presented a prairie (the plains) covered with grass and flowers, and very little timber. It was almost as level as a floor. But with all these advantages, we did not crowd our cattle, as so many did, causing so much suffering and death, owing to their inability to surmount the difficulty of crossing alkali deserts and steep, rocky mountains with poor and worn out teams. We had ample proof. Some trains would pass us, under whip and spur, even then in a land of plenty, their teams were poor and tired. Often we passed the bleaching bones of the poor, overworked starving cattle, the people forced to walk and sometimes abandon their wagons.

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN 1852

In the year 1850, my father, Franklin Summers, left Missouri and came around the Horn to California. He mined successfully at Shaws Flat, near Sonora. In 1852 he again braved the danger of a trip around the Horn to bring my mother and me across the plains to California. He had gold—Shaws Flat gold—and this he used in buying the best equipment possible, and also, as a lubricator, to organize a large train. The larger the train, the better, to guard against Indians and all other unknown danger. A strong wagon, well covered, and three yoke of gentle strong young oxen was considered necessary, a good cow, and a saddle horse for each wagon. After seeing fathers outfit, the neighborhood became enthused with a desire to emigrate to the land of gold. To secure a wagon at that time and place was a factor requiring money and effort, Missouri being a new state—everything was home production. Hickory was used as a substitute for iron; and the only iron used was for linch pins and king bolts for an up-to-date wagon. And many of these wagons crossed the plains.

Father was fortunate in being able to secure a well-ironed wagon. No extra weight was allowed, and only a limited wardrobe. Mother included a small bag of garden seeds to the utility box, and later on they proved of great value. Firearms and a great quantity of ammunition, medicine for ourselves and stock was necessary.

Our friends and neighbors sold their farms and bought the best outfits they could, and early in May eighteen or twenty wagons, representing so many families (and eighteen or twenty single men—Lum Reed was the single man attached to our wagon). After a tearful and heartbreaking parting with loved ones at home, we crossed the Missouri river on a large flatboat, and we were on our way.

We were all happy; every day presented new scenes; the woods were full of game (wild turkeys, deer, prairie hens), and strawberries, and every day was like a picnic. We knew that all precautionary measures for safety and comfort had been taken, our cattle were fresh, and for a month all was well. The first thing that occurred to cloud the horizon of contentment was the electric storm..

The first real thrill of danger we encountered was caused by an electric storm. The magnitude of such storms are unknown in California. Warm, sultry weather is a precedent, and black clouds, usually in the west, warned us. The heaviest thunder one can imagine, and chain lightning illuminating the horizon, and sometimes with appalling results,—for man in his arrogant pride of strength must bow with weak knees and faltering tongue and heart palpitating with fear to the higher laws of nature; a power to save and also to destroy. And then came the rain. From the rain we were protected by our water proof wagon covers. We encountered many storms later on, hail and snow, before reaching our destination.

So far, the Indians, whose territory we had crossed, were friendly. But our train men concluded an ounce of precaution was worth a pound of negligence, so they had night guards to protect the cattle and train against surprise. They feared the cupidity of the Indians. I cannot remember the names or location of the tribes.

Very often we traveled for weeks not knowing the names of the rivers we crossed, or the Indians we passed. Reader, it was like traveling over the great domains of a lost world.

After a hard day of trials and tribulations we camped near an Indian village. I had admired greatly the painted robes and beaded moccasins the Indians had for trade. At this village they seemed more beautiful than any I had seen. I could not conquer the desire to possess a pair of them. I did a thing that caused me great mental trouble and physical anguish; I grabbed a pair and started for camp. An old squaw howled a long vicious wail, and about forty Indians were after me. Oh, dear Lord, how I ran. Just before I reached the wagon father met me. He gave back the moccasins to the squaws—and while the spanking act was played, with all the train and about a hundred Indians as spectators (a full house), some kind of rotary whilrimagig obscured my sight. It revolved at a rapid rate and on its revolving face were stars, moccasins and Indians at the rate of a million a minute. And when father had finished, I had lost all admiration and love for the beautiful things of this world and the world to come. After climbing into the wagon, I believe I suffered a mental lapse; I know I cried myself to sleep. I could not endure the humiliation; it was the first spanking I had ever had. It was

a lesson in humility I never forgot, and while I slept father traded for the moccasins. I did not know this until after we reached California. I had paid the price of pride and vanity.

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It has been said that there is no time or distance “only as divided by and for the convenience of man.” I know this is true. On the plains we lost the proper divisions of time, and had not the remotest idea of dis-distance, only so far as the eye could see. We arose at day break and camped at sunset, with a short rest at noon—“our stomachs would strike the hour.” The Indians counted time by the new moon.

Our cattle were becoming footsore and leg-weary. We camped often when conditions were favorable, for we must have food and water for the cattle. Our food was scarce; we renewed our larder when necessary by killing a young fat buffalo. Our clothes were worn, and we all needed rest. We had crossed a long sandy desert, where we used buffalo chips for fuel, and almost lost our cattle for water. We were nearing the great mountain range, and would soon be in Nevada.

For some time we had noticed a change in the conduct of the Indians. They did not visit our camps and show a friendly desire to trade. We would often see a party on their ponies, mostly on a hill. By their actions we concluded they were not friendly. We kept moving and paid no attention to the Indians. Shortly after crossing the Nevada line, we unexpectedly came upon a wreck of three or four wagons, with the contents scattered in every direction. Evidently the emigrants had been surprised, and, being a small train, were unable to defend themselves or stock. There were several dead steers and one horse, supposed to be an Indian pony, left dead as evidence of the battle. Whether the people were taken prisoners, or escaped by some means, we did not know. We found one reminder of the awful relentless cruelty of the Indians; it was the skeleton of a little child. The bones had been cleaned by the coyotes, as had the animals. The little bones were laid beneath the sand and rocks to protect them, and tears were shed on the little mound. We found a couple of arrows in one big ox, but the horse had a bullet hole in his head—we supposed planted by a white man. Taking the tribes and their territory in proper sequence—in Nevada—I have concluded it was Shoshones that destroyed this train.

I do not believe there is any combination of circumstances that will unite people as closely as are the members of a train, after weary, heart-breaking efforts to surmount obstacles that seem impossible,—months of privation, unending toil, dangers, and hardships. By the shallow grave of the little child our people clasped hands and looked deep into eyes that responded with the resolve and promise to fight to the last ditch to protect our people from the appalling results of Indian victory.

The human mind acts quickly under the stress of danger, and we knew the cupidity and hatred of the Indians, once aroused, would never die.

We corralled our wagons as closely as possible when we camped, and our cattle had double guards. Not a woman or child was allowed outside the cordon of wagons after dark. Camp fires were extinguished as soon as possible after dark. A supply of water was placed conveniently inside before dark, as were the cattle watered before dark. We knew we were traveling under a dark shadow,—a shadow of danger and death,—and all necessary work and chores must be done by daylight.

We moved slowly and when we came to the sink of the Humboldt river, some were in favor of a long 10 rest. Some were tired, blue and despondent. So we decided to camp for several days and give the cattle a chance to recuperate. The men would gather in groups and ask father questions about California. Father would apply the lubricating element by praising the fine climate, and the great quantities of gold in California, what his claim would produce on his return,—and believe me, such talk would sift the alkali dust out of their anatomy and fill them with a desire to keep moving. Pile on steam was the slogan. But Nevada was hard sledding,—sand and sagebrush, and then sagebrush and sand for a change.

The care and protection from all harm of our cattle was only secondary to our own safety,—to lose even one was an irreparable calamity. One woman in the train, Mrs. McHana, was fast losing her mind. The mental strain was too much. We were leaving the buffalo country, other game was scarce and as a last chance we cured (that is dried) enough buffalo meat to tide us over the trip, or last us to

our destination. Some of the families were out of flour, others had no coffee; we loaned, borrowed and begged, and so we managed. And I, for one, fully decided I would never again in life crave buffalo meat.

While we were camping at the Sink of the Humboldt, a train passed us driving horses. The poor animals were skin and bone. The people were almost out of provisions, but they were out of our jurisdiction, so we could not help them. Father wanted them to give their stock a rest, but they would not. But only a few days after we had resumed our journey we passed where they had thrown much of their loads away; and lots of it was useless plunder at that. We had passed many things thrown away, to lighten loads, too numerous to mention. One thing, I remember, was an overgrown dutch oven; I think it would weigh more than fifty pounds. We concluded the flour gave out and there was no more use for the oven. We passed many graves, and written letters rolled around stakes driven in the ground, names on trees, strips of boards,—everything possible contained names, sometimes with the address and date. The pity of it: we were all traveling in the same direction and could not meet. Names were written on rocks with axle-grease,—people trying to leave a record for friends who might, subsequently, perhaps years after, read and know of their welfare.

And still, with all our troubles, our fear of Indians was paramount. Alkali dust was hurting our eyes. We learned with joy that we were near Carson Valley, and would soon be in California,—a man at a little trading post told us. Our men were so happy they decided to all buy something. My father paid one dollar for a small dry onion. We crossed the valley and reached a small trading post at what is now known as Genoa,—it was for many years the county seat of Douglas county, Nevada. We crossed Tahoe range of mountains where the Kingsbury grade is now, and a few days later reached what is now Placerville.

There we met miners from all the mining camps—Georgetown, Hangtown, Fiddletown, Jacks Flat and Dogtown. Our cattle were reduced to almost skin and bone; our clothes were in rags, with only one redeeming factor—they were clean.

In Hangtown we lost two or three wagons out of our train. In the Sacramento Valley we lost some more. Oh, the weather was splendid! No wonder they wanted to stop and rest! Father rested our cattle somewhere before reaching Tuolumne, “on good 11 grass.” The nights were getting chilly, and he knew winter would soon be on us. The alkali and dust had done for my eyes, and I was nearly blind. I don't remember where father disposed of two yoke of his oxen; I think he told mother he got four hundred dollars for them. He kept Tom and Jerry, a grand yoke of oxen, and our milk cow. And with one other wagon in company we reached Shaws Flat, and early in November we moved into a log cabin with a dirt floor and canvas roof, six months after crossing the Missouri river. Father was interested in a claim near Table Mountain that was very rich.

“Hello, Frank!” was the greeting from all sides; for many, in fact nearly all, of the miners knew father.

Our cabin was on the hillside; the log walls had two logs on the upper side, and, to even it up, had three on the lower, chinked with clay. A large fireplace and the door filled the front end. Mother did all her cooking by the fire, in the chimney; but with all its inconveniences it seemed like a haven of rest to us. We had two splint bottom chairs, and, with two short benches, they constituted our seating capacity. The wonder and admiration of the Flat was our cow. Mother could have sold milk at any price. The cow was not giving so very much milk, but she gave enough, I believe, for every one on the Flat to share a cup.

I was confined to the house for some time on account of my eyes. The miners seemed to adopt me. Father always called me “Tom”—at any rate, I answered to several names—“Little Sister,” “Miss Pike,” “Missouri,” and others. In speaking of me, I was always “Frank's girl.”

At that time there were two stores at Shaws Flat. Loomis and Markley owned them. The old Loomis store may be seen today; it is the first building to the left on the Sonora and Shaws Flat road going into Shaws Flat. Every vestige of Markley's store—like its patrons—is gone forever.

Houses at that time were not what they are today. Endurance and beauty were not thought of. Everything that the ingenuity of man could think of was used for building material.

All kinds of food stuff was exorbitantly high, and no variety; only the exigency to sustain life could be procured. I remember the first dried apples that appeared in the stores; they were small, sour, cut in quarters strung on twine and sold for three dollars a yard. Then a few bottles of pickles appeared—quarts and pints. They sold for \$5 a quart and \$2.50 a pint. The bottles, to my inexperienced eyes, were marvels of beauty, green, pink and clear glass. The boys gave me many of the bottles, and at this time I have one (a green one); money could not buy it. Some of the happiest memories of my childhood are associated with those pickle bottles. At that time I had no playmates or dolls. You see, reader, I was denied all that goes to make a happy childhood.

I was in a hive of busy workers, but I had, for compensation, the disinterested love and friendship of all the pioneers on the Flat. And I believe today one of God's greatest gifts to man is true friendship. For me, the admiration of a thousand would be no compensation for the loss of a true friend.

At that time, in 1853, the only tangible evidence I possessed of ever learning to read and write was a “Webster Spelling Book” I brought from Missouri. And it was ten long years after that before I had an opportunity to go to school.

After we had got settled at Shaws Flat, and I had recovered sight, mother wanted to come over to Sonora to buy some material to renew our 12 wardrobe. It was late in the fall of '52. She opened a small trunk. She had reserved one dress for herself and one for me from the “wear and tear of the plains.” Of course, kid like, I must see everything in the trunk. She was in a hurry, and, in taking out the dresses, she uncovered a pair of beautiful beaded moccasins. Oh! Oh! Oh!—I lost my breath, and gazed—mouth open and eyes protruding. Mother had not time to listen to my rhapsody. We were soon ready, and for the first time, in November, 1852. I saw Sonora. I felt a personaliy, just like I might possibly be somebody. I had on a new calico dress, my beaded moccasins, and on my head I wore “the pride of Missouri,”—a white sunbonnet. I do not remember seeing any white children that day, only Mexicans and Indians. Sonora, at that time was not a place of beauty. It had

its Long Tom saloon and in fact many saloons, and for the first time in my life I saw a drunk man. He tried to walk; he fell down, kicked and rolled, like a dog in the last paroxysms of hydrophobia.

Sonora, Columbia and Jamestown were the most important towns in Tolumne county in 1852-53. Sonora was the county seat, Columbia the most beautiful and Jamestown the most popular. Each one of these flourishing little cities had its landmark. Sonora's pride was Bald Mountain, Jamestown had Table Mountain and Pulpit Rock and a little later Columbia raised the cross of St. Ann's church. It defies time,—a memorial of early days. I hope to live long enough to see it restored to its original beauty and usefulness.

The mining camps that flourished adjacent to Sonora and Columbia were Browns Flat, Douglasville, Springfield, Tuttletown, Hardscrable, Yankee Hill, Saw Mill Flat and Shaws Flat.

Those of Jamestown were Campo Seco, Yorktown, Poverty Hill (now Stent), Chile Gulch, Montezuma, Hardtack, and a few others I cannot recall. Algerine, Montezuma and Chinese Camp were the largest and most important of the smaller mining camps of early days. Most all the smaller camps had a store, a blacksmith shop, a mail box, sometimes a restaurant, and always from one to three saloons.

Sometime in the fiscal year of 1853-1854, if I am not mistaken, water was turned in the big Columbia ditch. The big restraining dams were built with logs high up on the South Fork of the Stanislaus river. Water sufficient for all purposes was furnished to all the mining section. Mining progressed very rapidly. Montezuma and Chinese Camp became emporiums of trade. All kinds of business flourished. Sonora, Columbia and Jamestown, having the support of the mining camps and surrounding placer mines, increased rapidly in trade and population.

It has been truthfully said that where the carcass is laid there will the vultures gather. In the early part of '53 strict laws and the vigilantes sent an ever moving stream of human microbes from the cities—gun men, gamblers, blacklegs, and all the low class of the sporting element (men and women) to this county. They considered our hard-working miners lawful prey; and immediately introduced methods to reap the harvest. They used the method unsparingly, mercilessly and

thoroughly, introducing all kinds of new gambling games. In the most unexpected places they started grogeries, where both men and women lived, sold whiskey, and gambled; sometimes with music and dancing. And, of course, these dens of vice were the centers gravitation. And, as we all know, whiskey makes a confused and helpless fool out of a man. The honest, hard-working miner entered these dens of vice, to be robbed of 13 his gold, his health, and often his life. A man's safety and life often depended on the swiftness of his draw,—and the calibre of the gun he wore.

The first safe cracked was on Shaws Flat. It belonged to Tarlt Colwell; but, by warning or intuition, he had removed his gold, and at the time it was hid under a pile of garbage in the yard. William Modina now owns and has a beautiful home at the old Colwell place. The old safe has stood the test of time, and remains, a silent witness to the cupidity of man, near where it was left—near Peppermint Gulch—in 1853-4.

Man can often destroy in a few hours the work of nature that has been centuries in the building. It requires twenty-one years by nature, and the laws, for nature to mature a man. But in early days I have seen all that made life worth living to a young and handsome man, vibrant with life, destroyed in five minutes, by a man's fists. There was a family lived near us on Shaws Flat by the name of Smith. Mrs. Smith was a nice-looking and good woman. There came to the Flat a gambler, well-dressed and flashy, proud of his good looks and fine clothes. He tried to impose his company on Mrs. Smith. One day Mr. Smith met him and beat his face nearly off; he broke his nose, and knocked out several teeth, and told him to leave the Flat. He certainly left. Before Mr Smith came in contact with him he was known as “Pie Face,” but after the Smith episode he was spoken of as “Scar Face” and was soon forgotten.

The early day miners seldom wore guns, and never used them unless necessary to protect life. But, believe me, no man stepped on another's coat-tail with impunity.

Every succeeding year brought thousands to California. And, as a natural consequence, the weak went to the wall, while the braggart often died with his boots on. Conditions changed for the people, and not for their betterment,—men wore guns and shot to kill.

Not only conditions of the Pioneers changed, but the face of nature was fain to confess the superior predatory capacity of the newcomers. Denuded hillsides, banks of gravel, tail-races, ditches, tailings, and stumps and boulders were in evidence, wherever gold could be found.

My father and his partner, Tarlton Colwell, and in fact all the miners at Shaws Flat and Springfield and vicinity, were badly handicapped by the scarcity of water. For there was not enough free water to fill the demand; and what water Peppermint Gulch and other brooks, creeks and rivulets afforded was thick with mud, after serving the first string of sluices, consequently most of the rich gravel was washed in winter. Nothing but long toms and rockers were used after the hot weather had dried up the overflow. But after water had been turned on by the big Columbia ditch, prosperity radiated opportunity and success all over the mining sections of Tuolumne county.

There was some decline in prices of foodstuff as the facilities for transportation improved. People were doing away with puncheons and whipsawed lumber. But still the price of lumber would stagger any poor man's aspirations for a real, hope-to-goodness, all-lumber house;—one without the addition of peeled poles, or some other makeshift of building material.

Father and Colwell kept out of the many times unnecessary mobs and wild, exciting thrills of those days. It is true the miners had to put the fear of the Lord, or His teachings, into the hearts of the Mexicans and Indians; and many a single-handed whipping occurred, as some miner would catch them stealing his clothing—often hung out to dry. The 14 punishment was not ladled out with a silver spoon, but with a solid stick, and laid on whole-heartedly, without reservation and with enthusiasm.

That mob violence and drastic action was necessary, I will not deny; for in those days it seemed an utter futility to await the legal process and uncertainty of the law. Human life was not valued; it must demand a life for a life.

While the morning glory, blackeyed Susan, and a few other flowers beautified our log cabin on Shaws Flat and were admired by so many, one day there came to our door a woman I will never

forget. Her name was Williams and she lived at Springfield. She came to the Loomis store and passed our cabin; she walked up close to the door. “For masseys sake, Miss Summers! The sight of your cabin just near give me the fan-tods! It looks like Old Missourey. Lawsey a me, Miss Summers, do you put on table kivers all the time? Say, ain't they the orneriest, sentimenterest ijuts you ever seed in Californy? I reckon I knows sense when I sees it. I get so mad when they laugh at me—their betters! The meanest, treacherest men are greasers; but I ain't skyeeard of nobody. Well my visit has hoped me up. I want to get home and get my shoes off, and have a smoke. Miss Summers, save me some morning-glory seed. Say, I am honing to get back to Missourey, and I'se agwine to when we make a stake. Fo' de Lord! think of wild turkeys, blackberries, strawberries, persimmons, and all we left!”

Poor, undesigning, ignorant woman! One of the units of a cosmopolitan population of Pioneers of early days.

Another unique personality on Shaws Flat was Irish Kate. She did laundry work. There were hundreds of ground sluice holes filled with slum, that were a menace to safety. Kate was walking one of the narrow trails, her arms full of neatly washed and ironed laundry. She made a misstep and went into ten feet of slum. It required half a dozen men with ropes to land her on terra firma.

It causes a longing, homesick feeling when I pass the spot where the little log cabin we lived in at Shaws Flat stood prominently, to be admired, as something unusual and beautiful. Its commonplace and homely walls were covered with morning-glory and other simple vines—from seed that we had brought from Missouri. We were thankful for the roof, even if we lived on a dirt floor. It was an humble and sweet home for us, both in theory and reality, because love radiated around and through, hither and thither, lighting up the dark and ugly corners with peace, contentment and happiness. Let turmoil, hate, and antagonism reign elsewhere, it never entered our door. Dear old Shaws Flat! Around you some of the fondest memories of a long life cling! For then I had youth and a dear mother and father.

We Leave Shaws Flat and Move to an Unbroken Wilderness

In the Fall of 1854 my father moved from Shaws Flat to an unbroken wilderness, where feet of white men had seldom trod, and never those of a white woman. After working his claim on Shaws Flat to a near finish, he sold it, and filed a squatter's right to land now owned and occupied by the West Side Lumber Co., and where the town of Tuolumne is located, in the eastern part of Tuolumne county, ten miles from Sonora. It is now known as the "East Belt" of the Mother Lode. There were no roads; nothing but trails made by wild animals and wilder Indians. Our faithful old oxen, Tom and Jerry, were our main dependence for transit through the wilderness. It required two days to reach our new abode.

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We had left what few conveniences Shaws Flat and Sonora could offer and the end of our pilgrimage seemed far worse to mother and me than the beginning.

We moved into a log house with a dirt floor and a big fireplace. We did not mind the storms of winter, for we were warm and dry. As time is the arbiter of all things, we in time lost the fear and dread of the unknown.

The advent of spring in 1855 opened up a vista of enchantment of bud and flower, and we loved it. Today I hold the ground sacred to the memories of the happiest days of my childhood. We had passed the winter in comfort and plenty. The woods were full of game. The cattle were fat. The world—or all we desired of it—was ours. As the summer advanced, we reveled and rejoiced, gathering wild grapes, gooseberries, elderberries greens, and everything that gave variety to our larder.

Father fenced ground for a garden and planted seeds brought from Missouri.

I then became an important member of the family; and, I will say, a busy one; for it was up to me to keep the ground squirrels and rabbits out of the garden.

Later in the fall of 1855 the Scott brothers, half breed Cherokees, wandered into the mountains, near our place, prospecting. They found good prospects at Cherokee, as they afterward named the place, not much over a mile from our house.

They built themselves a comfortable log cabin as quietly as possible, located their claims, and, borrowing father's rifle, killed some deer and cured the meat. They hired father to move their long tom, cradle, rocker and tools, also some provisions for the winter and were soon ready for the winter snows. They knew they had good claims, and they wrote for their brother, Dick, to join them, locating a claim for him. They would not drink; were the soul of honor. They were gentlemen in the meaning that all the word implied. They wanted my father to join them, but he was clearing land for grain and hay.

Very early in the spring of 1856 the news of a rich gold discovery leaked out, and the country was soon overrun with prospectors. Cherokee soon became a lively, flourishing mining camp with two stores and two saloons. Of course the saloons were the center of gravity in all camps. Selling vile whiskey to vile men can have only one result. The men had already been inoculated with the virus of evil. They would drink and only taper off when tankage facilities failed. Whiskey created antagonisms, and their faces would remind one of a personified day of judgment, untempered by mercy. Then they were eady for anything—robbery or murder, but above all they loved to fight.

This is only a history of the vultures that preyed on the honest class of miners. Cherokee represented the subsequent camps on the East Belt during '56 and '57, during the placer craze.

The first murder that occurred was done by Wilse Walkingstaff in May, 1856, in a cabin on Turnback Creek, not far from Cherokee. Walkingstaff was a Cherokee Indian and a very dangerous man. The trouble was caused by jealousy over a woman—a young squaw. He became jealous of James Ham, almost a boy, that was new to conditions then prevailing. He had not been initiated into the gambling class. Walkingstaff met him alone and cut his bowels open so that they protruded to the ground by his dead body; and then fled in terror from the mob that he knew would hang him.

Ham was buried under a beautiful live oak tree and laid first claim to what was afterward known 16 as the Summersville (or Carters) cemetery.

In June, 1856, without warning of the awful shadow of death that was hovering over our peaceful home, my father was shot to death in French Bar, now known as La Grange. Oh, the awful sorrow and desolation of that bereft home! Another coldblooded murder. My little brother (I forgot to state in proper sequence) was born April 2, 1855, and was too young to realize our loss.

The miners—God bless them—threw a cordon of protection around that humble but desolate home, and none of the rough element ever dared to intrude or molest the helpless and sorrowing inmates.

My dear mother had a problem to solve, alone and unaided. We must live, and in order to live, we must eat; and to pay the exorbitant prices for provisions seemed impossible. After mature and deliberate thought she opened a boarding house, my father having built a comfortable dwelling house the year before. It was not long until she had all the boarders she could possibly cook for.

Our new house was built very near and on the east bank of Turnback Creek. The creek was located and miners at work very near our house. They had cabins, of a sort, everywhere close to us. They were quiet, fun-loving men. They all wanted to board. Mother must have a cook, but the men all refused a China cook. As she could not get a white cook she told them it was a China cook or move boarding house, they consented. With the new help mother took on more boarders.

Everything was quiet, considering new men were coming in. One Sunday a fellow that had been bumming for several days went to Cherokee, filled up on “oh be joyful” and, coming down the creek to a cabin of three quiet miners he was offensive, with perfectly appalling results. He was ordered away in no gentle tone of voice. One of the rightful inmates of the cabin turned to fill his pipe, and received a bullet in his brain. The pardners grabbed the murderer and gave the alarm. In such times men act quickly and often without reason. Impulse is one thing and judgment another.

Inflamed by the injustice, and cruel murder of their comrade, two hundred miners, to a man, demanded the instant death of the murderer; the vulture in human form, whom they had housed

and fed. There being no other rope available they removed the rope from a dry well at our house. Willing hands make quick work, and he was soon hanging between earth and sky. In the shadow of that tree, with its mute evidence of sin and mistaken ideals of life, one of the miners spoke words of warning. He said: "We are living in primitive surroundings; but there is strength in unity, and the strong hand of justice and retribution will not fail to exact a life for a life. Beware!" So ended the fateful year of 1856. That is, there were no more fatalities to record.

The fall and winter passed as quietly as could be expected. The boys taught me woodcraft; the compass, by reading rocks and trees. They taught me how to use firearms and I was an expert; and, old as I am, could take the head off of a gray squirrel in the tallest pine, in this day and generation.

By this time some families had moved into the East Belt. Two or three had moved into Cherokee. Soulsbyville was still unpopulated, but contained the nucleus of a clean flourishing mining camp; for Ben Soulsby had discovered the Soulsby mine. This mine necessitated a different class of miners, men that understood hard rock drilling. Nearly all the quartz 17 miners were Cornishmen, from the old country.

At this time other mines were located near the Soulsby mine. The Platte brothers, Ben and Sam, located the Platte mine. Joe and Ed. Hampton, Sr., engaged in mining (and very successfully) at Soulsbyville—the name of their mine has escaped me.

The year 1857 opened up an early spring, with a bright outlook for both the placer and quartz industry. New discoveries were being made and new camps started. The Street ditch was preparing to furnish water to all the East Belt miners, placer and quartz. I think it was in this year William and Penn Price, brothers, brought dairy cows to what in latter days is known as Jack Fry's ranch. In the early days it was known as the Bukhorn. I believe they are still living to tell of those wild and wooly days.

In 1857 Mr. C. H. Carter bought all rights and good will of a little store on Long Gulch from Uncle Bob. It was a small log house with a door and half a window in front. It was small but very popular with the placer miners.

The question of introducing Chinese labor into the placer mines was bringing a feeling of antagonism between miners and sentiment seemed to be about equally divided; so they decided to leave it to a miners' meeting and vote, and the place selected was Carter's store on Long Gulch. After a short and, as everyone thought, a friendly debate they proceeded to vote. Those in favor of the Chinese lost out by a large majority. Saying nothing, they all walked out of the store into the darkness of a starless night, leaving the door open. Like the crack of doom, pistol shots were the only warning the men in the store had of the horrid pandemonium of death that was to follow. Before the lights could be put out, Bob Clod was shot through the heart, William Connally was shot through both shoulders, Ben Edmondson was shot through the thigh. As soon as the room was in darkness men in the room made for the open, shooting in every direction. The murderers fled, leaving no trace. It was believed by every one that the brutal work was instigated and done by one John Page, aided by Bill Ake and Tom Rich. They left their claims and all their worldly goods, and an unpaid board bill, and were never heard of again.

The little store resembled a slaughter house; the window was completely shattered.

The question of coolie labor was effectively settled. Bob Clod was buried near the scene of strife. William Connally and Ben Edmondson recovered after long days of suffering, for medical treatment was uncertain in the early days.

Some time in the spring of 1858 news flew like wild fire that Jim Lyons had killed John Blakely and shot Bill Blakeley's arm off and was in jail. All the mountain folks knew Jim Lyons and liked him, no man ever left his house hungry; the latch string to his door always hung on the outside. The Blakely brothers, John, William and James, were Englishmen. They did a great injustice and a dishonest and low down thing to Lyons. He could not read, and having faith in human integrity,

he unknowingly signed away his right and title to his land near Sullivan's Creek, later known as the Hughes place, the Snyder and Frank Gilkey ranch.

I do not know the date of their location, but William and James Blakely discovered the Eureka mine. They did not have much money and mother trusted them for board for a while. But it was not long before they had money to burn. Soon the little town of Summersville (they named it in gratitude for mother's kindness after her) was a busy hive of industry and 18 prosperity. The Blakely boys continued to board at our house until they sold the mine.

The Brown and Clayton, on the Norty Fork of the river near Summersville, was rich and paid dividends for years. Certainly all the arts known in high grading were used at this mine. I believe Brown and Clayton sold the mine to a New York Co., and they changed the name to the New Albany. It was and is one of the best paying mines on the East Belt.

In sequence the Lady Washington, Grizzly and Bonito were discovered. Verplank, the man who was with the Blakely boys at the time of the whole sale shooting by Jim Lyons, still lived with them, running a laundry in Summersville.

In 1858 McCauley murdered Westley Bond, who, with his mother and three sisters, lived on the Shaw's Flat road just across the street from Macomber's orchard. One of the sisters subsequently married Joe Bowers, manager for Charley Manners, meat market, on Main street, Sonora.

In those days the miners did not exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but they demanded a life for a life. Consequently McCauley, with Jim Lyons and Bob Poore, received the death penalty and in the fall of 1858 they were all three taken from the county jail to "Dead Man's Gulch," near the Odd Fellows' cemetery, and all of them at the same time paid the debt of a life for a life. They were buried where they were executed. Vengeance could go no further with them than the portals of the grave. Wild flowers bloom over their unmarked graves, and birds sing their carols to hearts that are dead and ears that hear not. God is merciful.

Joaquin Murietta, the noted highwayman, always, like the “under dog,” was painted blacker than he deserved. He was a peaceful, quiet miner, with his wife, living near Columbia, or Saw Mill Flat. He was mining some little distance from his cabin when it was entered by three white men. Brutes of the lowest type, after they had heaped every indignity on his wife, they robbed the cabin and set fire to it. Joaquin, seeing the smoke, hastened to his cabin, but too late to aid his wife or save the cabin or its contents. In an untutored, savage heart like his, what more natural or sweet than revenge? I have seen him and talked with him. He never was known to molest women and children. I had a souvenir that once belonged to Joaquin—a silver saddle horn.

During the fall of 1858 a miner on Turnback Creek sold his claim to a company of five Chinamen. They rented a cabin from mother, that she had taken in lieu of a board bill. After they had worked for some time, the miners all along the creek commenced to miss things. The thievery became a menace to the miners. Loss of mining tools and cleand up sluices became of daily occurrence. A miners' meeting was called, and a still hunt for the stolen property instituted. The property was found under the floor of the Chinamen's cabin—picks, pans, shovels, sluice forks, rocker irons; they were found on a Saturday and left where found. The Chinks were at work on their claim. At night they reurned as usual, not dreaming of the awful catastrophe awaiting them.

That night a miners' meeting was called for the whole district, and it was decided to whip them publicly. Five men were chosen to do the whipping; three others to guard the house through the night. The five were instructed to lay on good and plenty, but certainly not to overdo, and the whipping place selected is directly in front of where the Methodist church is now, in Tuolumne. At ten o'clock 19 the Chinamen were taken by about forty miners (all wearing guns) to the place—I will not say of “execution”—and before a crowd of over two hundred people each Chinaman was stripped to his waist, and received on his quivering back twenty lashes. After they were whipped, they were given their shirts and told to go home, gather their things, and leave. They did not delay on the order of their going, either.

This proved a salutary lesson, for there were no more sluice boxes robbed. This was justice, or law, administered by the people and for the people.

I am a typical pioneer, and having lived so many years of my life, and seeing turbulence and evil of every description in early days and quick retribution of the people, single-handed or in mobs, I will say I have an unholy desire to see some of the brutish criminals of the present time manhandled as of old. Crime is ubiquitous; it bids fair to darken the canopy of our country—a shadow, a menace far worse than in '49. Evil companions and environment pit the character like the smallpox. There are many things today that lead to crime that the early days never thought of. Idleness in the growing generation of today is the mainspring or great factor of crime.

You will all remember Mr. Harry Peterson, who was gathering data for a history of early days last year. It is now being published by the Oakland Tribune's Sunday magazine. In it he remarks that life is and has been a gamble. I believe you, Mr. Peterson.

In early days, gambling, although quick and spasmodic in its process; in dives, where the tenderfoot was an “easy mark,” and cards but a farce. When he felt a bull dog derringer or the business end of a forty-five against his ribs he was glad to concede victory to the other fellow, and glad to get out with a whole hide; he felt colicky and white around the gills; he wished he was out of this dadburned country. In a year that tenderfoot wore a gun, and could use it. He commanded respect, in the dives or out, or wherever men congregated. He had learned life as it was then lived.

Speaking of Indians, I will tell you a few facts of early day Indians, for at this time the Indians have outlived all their traditions. Before the advent of the white man, the Indians lived a peaceful, happy life, with the exception of occasional trouble with the Piutes of Nevada and the Visalia Indians. The Piutes would cross the Sierra Nevada range and come into this country for a supply of acorns, as the Digger Indians would go to Nevada for pinyon nuts. Nevada has had many wild horses from the earliest records, so the Piutes had many horses as they have today. The Digger Indians had none. The Piutes traded Indian ponies, half-breed dogs, and pinyon nuts for acorns. All the clothing they knew was furnished by animal pelts.

When one died the Indians gathered from every direction. The corpse would be straightened, and a basket placed over the head. They would build a pen about three feet wide and six feet long out of dry poles and lay two thicknesses of green poles across the top. They would place pitch pine in the center, enough to consume the body. Altogether it would be about four feet high. They would then lay the body on, and light the fire. They would begin dancing the death dance and singing the death chant and grunt, in a circle around the fire. When one would fall, from fatigue, another would fill the place; new fuel would be added and the crying and dancing would continue until not a 20 vestige of the fire or body was left. Then the near relatives would mix the ashes with tar, and, while warm, coat their heads, faces and necks with it, and only time could remove the mourning.

I have beads burned in this way over fifty years ago.

They (the Indians) were unable to combat or protect themselves from the brutish indignities heaped upon them by the whites, and for many years they most all lived far back in the mountains. Occasionally a dead man would be found, for, like the Mexicans, the Indian hatred might smoulder but would never die.

After a few years of seeing the whites bury their dead, they concluded to do the same; but, unlike the whites, they would dig the grave round and the box would be ended without much ceremony into the hole, sometimes resting feet up, just as it happened, or haphazard, and at the first change of the moon they would have a big cry, in mourning for the late departed.

While crossing the plains, and passing through Indian tribes continuously we learned something of their customs and traditions. Most of the tribes would build scaffolds six or eight feet high and lay their dead on them. In dry alkali climates the bodies seemed to dry up perfectly, as we inspected closely a few where a corner or one end of the scaffold had fallen. The Piutes, Washoes and Shoshones all buried their dead. The Piutes and Washoes have a large, profitable reservation at Walker Lake, Nev., and a fine school where they are taught trades and art. The school is near Carson City, Nevada. The full blood Digger tribe are passing. "It was here the red Injun once took delight, fished, fit and bled; Now most the inhabitants is white, and nary a red." —Primitive Poet.

The government bought two or three cheap reservations for their use in Tuolumne county; one at Chicken Ranch, near Table Mountain (it would not support a band of goats), one near Cherokee that gave a home of five acres to several families, and one on Deep Creek. While looking over the pitiful efforts to farm on the Cherokee reservation recently the lines written by a pioneer poet of Yorktown occurred to my mind. It can be found in the early files of the Union Democrat: “Clime of the unforgotten brave! Whose land from plain to mountain cave Was honor's home, or glory's grave! Shrine of the mighty! Can it be? That this is all remains of thee?”

They were children and harmelss, and would gladly have welcomed the whites, had the whites been disposed to show mercy or friendship.

At this time (1859) the important towns of Sonora, Columbia and Jamestown, with their prosperity depending on the rich placers, had begun to wane; many and various business houses closed. Quartz mining had reached a sure and paying basis, but on a safer, saner foundation. Quartz miners would not support the sporting fraternity as had the placer miners. Times were changing. Families were making permanent homes, and wherever water could be procured gardens and small orchards were in evidence. Instead of dance halls, saloons and pool rooms, comfortable residences were built. The wild maniacal days of mobs and unlawful hangings were things to be forgotten.

Most of the placer miners had drifted to fields of new endeavor; but as they went they were hopeful of finding a new world to conquer.

As the new year of 1860 drew near, quartz mining was making a stir in the business world. Capital from 21 New York, and even London, was finding safe investment in Tuolumne. The Mother Lode and the East Belt of the Mother Lode were producing, and mines—or lodes—were discovered all over eastern Tuolumne, furnishing employment to many people. Soulsbyville and Summersville, on the East Belt, were hives of industry and an ever increasing population. A great many of our foremost citizens of today were either reared or born in those flourishing mining camps. I will mention a few names of men who were associated with and helped to build up a civilized

community. Some of them are dead; a few are living under their own vine and fig trees, but very few are living.

The pioneer physicians of Tuolumne county were Drs. Brown, Manning, Franklin, Stratton, Eichelroth, Bromley and Gould, and George Summers. And by far the most successful surgeon was Dr. Walker.

The most prominent attorneys that I remember were Col. Ben Moor, Caleb Dorsey, Charley Brown and Ed. Rodgers, and Otis Greenwood and Col. Barber.

Soulsbyville had secured a post office and Summersville applied for one. It was discovered that there was a post office of the same name, but spelled Somerville, at the old coal mines in Contra Costa county. Consequently the name Summersville must be changed. As C. H. Carter was a prominent merchant and had charge of the mail box, the name of the post office and town was changed to Carters, and, I believe, in 1904-05 was utterly destroyed by fire, leaving only the Good Templars' hall and Joseph Lord's butcher shop.

None can tell the fortune of war or unveil the future. There are hundreds of rich quartz mines in Tuolumne county that are now idle, only awaiting capital to unwater and place them on a paying basis. Conditions for quartz mining have improved since the days of black powder and hand drills. I would like to see all the mining camps rejuvenated and rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of their vanished glory. And why not? For, unlike the placers, we still have the rich quartz mines.

The Union Democrat, a weekly newspaper that is still with us and a live wire, was an old pioneer of early days that was a good mixer and stood on a firm foundation of justice to all, irrespective of class or position. It brightened the log cabins with a dirt floor with a smile as bright while telling the news as when entering the palatial mansion of two rooms with a real board floor. It was always welcome—to the man from the East dressed in broadcloth, or from the West dressed in homespuns or deerskin. It was a friend to the people in sorrow or joy. And, theoretically speaking, I will say

that, like all sensible people in the early days, the Union Democrat gave no one a chance to steal its ammunition before it was ready to shoot.

MARK TWAIN

My acquaintance with Mark Twain was more by accident than design, but fate was kind to me. His first appearance was in the dining room at our house. I was waiting on table and while taking his order I sized him up as another Missourian, and a green one at that. During the evening mother entered into conversation with him, and, as usual with Missourians, they imparted numerous and various details of ancient forefathers, and, after lengthy discussion, decided that according to all the rules and laws of Missouri, they were cousins. After shaking hands and hearty congratulations I made another discovery—that he was anything else but green. The next day I was combing my hair; he walked up to me and laid his hand on my shoulder and looked in the glass; an simultaneously it reflected our faces. After glancing a moment at the glass he remarked: “You have a good honest face, but do not grieve; for beauty is only skin deep. But ah! me; freckles go to the bone.” “They would not have far to go if they were on you!” I replied. “Besides, I love these freckles; I brought them from Missouri and could not part with them.” (I did not tell him how I yearned for the separation).

Our boarders thought him wonderful and asked me if there were many more like him in Missouri? I told them no; that he was a Missouri freak that had broken loose from his hitching post. I was afraid of his quick repartee and sarcasm, even while I admired his versatility and conversational ability. He was visionary and would build air castles and fill them so full of hope and ambitious dreams that the underpinning would collapse. He locked horns with Cupid while in Summersville and, as was his natural characteristic, started to build a new air castel, but a castle for two. After swearing me to secrecy, he confided all this to me. I told him he was building on quicksand for a foundation. I said, “Yon have a master mind. Why grasp at the shadows of life for the reality. Why not write, as I know only you can? Grasp for fame, and strive to live in the memory and admiration of coming generations. Fame and gold will come at your bidding.”

Ah! what prophetic words, spoken half in jest! How vividly all this occurred to my mind, when I with so many others went to Jackass Hill to honor the memory of my illustrious kinsman. I found the cabin that was dedicated to Mark Twain sheltered by a large oak tree. It would be a beautiful place for an annual picnic.

While standing on this ground now being consecrated to the memory of the inimitable American humorist, I thought of many others who had honored us by a brief sojourn in the counties along the Mother Lode. One in particular was Prentice Mulford—"Dogberry" his nom de plume.

My dear mother lived until December 5, 1901. A native of Gentry county, Missouri, aged 69 when she died.

Her life had known more shadows than sunshine, for she passed through the grilling years with the early pioneers. And when at last I rest in peace, Where I played in childhood's glee; The sighing winds through the pines I loved, Will sing a requiem over me. Oh, time roll back, to my childhood days, Let me kiss my mother's face; As when life was young, and blood not pale, We walked the golden sunset trail.

MY FIRST DANCE

As there was a thrifty growth of population around the newly-discovered quartz mines, the people of Cherokee decided to give a dance. I had never seen dancing, and something was due to happen, I thought, that would constitute a distinct event in my life. In due time the dance occurred.

Joe Roper, one of our boarders, played the violin. Of course, I was eager for the fray; never once thinking I could not dance. It is said pride goeth before a fall. Before reaching the ballroom I had the pride, and after seeing one dance through, I had the fall. The effect it had on me may be imagined, but, as the old-timer would say, "kaint be described"; and after one futile effort to dance, I suppose it will be sufficient for me to say I 23 survived the feverish effort to look, simultaneously, wise and happy. But looks are sometimes deceptive; for I felt sore in every humiliated crevice of

my brain. And then to pile insult on top of failure, some woman said: “What's ailin' you, sissy, kaint you dance?” I was mad, and I answered, “No, I k-a-i-n-t!”

“God does not grow flowers in a cellar.” I have often thought, through a long life, that it is terrible for children, great of soul and ambition, when circumstances condemn them to a life amid dull, and sometimes sordid surroundings. “As the twig is bent, so doth the tree incline.” I know this to be true. “The leopard cannot change its spots.” I was destined to live all my young life with no refined association—only mother. I was, have been, and will be until death, a typical pioneer. Years of life lived under the new conditions, of the educated smart set, of new generations, have not changed my soul, body, dress, religion, or prejudice.

Almost everybody in these days is infected with the virus of criticism; and as they criticise my imperfection, I smile; for I know many lessons of life, not taught by books, wealth, fine clothes, and all things commensurate with the new ideals of life—lessons that all must learn, in the pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave.

There were many wild animals in Tuolumne county in the early days—the grizzly, cinnamon-brown bear and the black bear, the California lion, lynx and bobcats. The lions and bears were the most dangerous. The brown and black bears would enter a camp or tent, and devour and destroy its contents. The grizzly, “Monarch of the Wilds,” seldom ventured near a settlement.

The last grizzly on record was killed on a Sunday morning within a mile of Summersville. It was shot by George Hart and Josh Benadum. George Hart will be remembered by many Sonorans. The grizzly was taken to Joseph Lord's slaughter house, and weighed two or three pounds over fifteen hundred pounds. The bear was weighed by William Murphy, whose home was in Columbia. At the time he was manager of Joseph Lord's meat market.

In those days of Kaintucky rifles, single shot, and black powder, the only vital place to hit a grizzly, or, in fact, any kind of bear, was the heart, eye or ear.

This grizzly had been shot through the heart twice.

Grizzlies are like the early pioneers—the place that knew them once will know them no more. One never hears of a grizzly being seen, even on the highest and most inaccessible peaks of the Sierra range. We have only the brown bear left to cause occasional thrills and excitement; and even at that, one not familiar with bear-ology had better bow and pass on than try to kill.

The last brown bear I have seen or have a personal knowledge of was at Sugar Pine Creek five or six years ago, near the Excelsior mine. I was walking up the creek above the old dam. There was tall grass growing. I thought I saw something unusual in the creek above me. I could only see the bear's back for the grass was tall and waving I thought. I knew there was something rooting in the grass, and concluded it was a coon or a badger. Finally I saw the whole body move. I had an L. C. Smith double-barrel shotgun, loaded with No. 7 shot, but no extra cartridges. I had the gun resting on my left arm and carried a gold pan in my right. I laid the gold pan down without noise. I was not expecting a bear and was not prepared to meet one. I raised both hammers of my gun, and, as far as possible, prepared for action. I knew enough not to run. Directly the bear raised his head and saw me. He gave a snort that caused chills, and started for a pine thicket on the bank. I was not far from the cabin, but my knees were weak; reaction was doing its duty. But after that when I went in the hills I carried a gun and a few steel jackets or a soft-nose or two.

The greatest achievement that I remember of ever seeing any record of was of a slaughter of bears, all killed in the space of a few minutes by Geo. B. Connally, now living in Tuolumne, George usually hunted for big game, so was prepared for any emergency. In the vicinity of the White House—the Duckwall ranch—now owned by Emmett Murphy, is a long open swale known as Skidmore Flat, three miles east of Tuolumne. George was alone, and walking a narrow trail through thick brush; when he reached the flat he was warned of an unusual event. A black bear and a brown bear were in deadly combat over the carcass of a cow. He immediately opened fire and killed the old bears, leaving two large sized cubs for him to slaughter, and he called it a day with four bears to his credit.

In the late '50s, and later, fox hunting was great sport. Ike Dessler of Jacksonville owned nearly a dozen fox hounds. Cob Turner, from the top of Yankee Hill, had six or eight, Tom Robinson

had four, my step-father two. If a time was set for a hunt men would gather from Jamestown, Sonora and Columbia. I have seen as many as fifty gather for a big hunt. Sometimes they would slay as many as a dozen foxes in one night. They would have rich pitch pine torches. The men I remember best from Jamestown were Peter Keyser, Tom Evans, John Oliver, Dr. Bratton, Johnnie Donovan. I remember one night they were on Soulsby mountain. The old Street ditch made a fine track. Incidentally, they ran into a large and antagonistic family of skunks. The skunks were so overpowering two or three of the men jumped into the ditch. Everyone in the crowd had suddenly tired of hunting. They called the dogs in with their horns, and brought the night's pleasure to an end. Even today a purebred fox hound looks good to me.

During 1858 Uncle Joe Van Prague carried our mail regularly from Sonora. He charged fifty cents for letters, and twenty-five cents for papers, usually the Union Democrat. I think it was in 1859 George Johnson started a tri-weekly stage to Cherokee from Sonora. I think at or near that date John Sedgwick kept a livery stable in Sonora; also John Monahan and Whipple. After selling out the stable John Monahan was Constable, and later Assessor for many years.

In 1859 my mother moved to Summersville. Subsequently she had many boarders.

During the early years of the '50s men flocked to the gold mines from every state in the Union. There was a great diversity of opinion as to what life in the gold mines would be, and they came prepared accordingly. From the new western states every garment and article they brought was for immediate use, and carefully considered as to durability. Strong, warm clothing, good blankets, strong boots, warm socks, etc., everything possible for comfort and nothing for looks; while men from the older Eastern states that knew nothing about self-denial and roughing it, brought fine clothes, fine shoes, and some even brought their stove-pipe hats. Naturally, they were looked on with contempt by the rough, hardy miners and were considered by them as deficient in characteristics that made the life of the early pioneer possible—its 25 bold, self-reliant confidence and capability.

But after they had passed through the cosmopolitan and nondescript melting pot of the early day frontier, had learned how to mine, cook beans and sourdough slapjacks, they were considered desirable citizens and all round good fellows. They had also learned that the winds of Satan had no saving grace, if it did blow from the East.

Late in the '50s, I think it was in '58 or '59, the good citizens of Summersville secured a three months' school and, unfortunately, secured a woman just from Boston. She disliked our new country, our ways, and, as a people, classed us as ignorant—to be despised with all else pertaining to the West. And I, for one, thoroughly disliked her. We had few books, but were happy to go to school. At that time I could read and write well. The first day she came armed with a rawhide whip; the second day she taught several small pupils its use. The third day she produced an old grammar (of course, I had heard of grammar). She asked us, as a class, if we knew anything about the different parts of speech. “What do you know?” she said, looking at me. “Do you know anything about it?” “I certainly do,” I replied. “Well, tell me what you know.” “I know some Indian, I can speak Spanish fairly well, I know a few words in Italian, and I know English from A to Z.”

“You poor idiot, you are a true product of the West. I pity you.”

“I do not want your pity,” I replied; “I am a true product of the West, and I love it.”

I quit school that day. In less than a week her school was closed.

As time and opportunity offered, I gathered a few splinters from the tree of knowledge. Did I ever shine in the world of letters as a grammarian? I will say: No.

As a sequel and final ending to this my last day at my first school I must record an unusual episode connected with my first lesson in grammar. After expressing her opinion of me so freely, I was out for revenge. She asked us to parse a sentence—“John's hat.” I quickly raised my hand. “Pardon; but I know all about John's hat.” With a sneer, she asked me to proceed. “You seem to know a great deal,” she continued, with a sneering laugh.

“Well, at our picnic last week I saw your Boston sweet heart (Dick Wilson) knock John Chapman's hat off and it fell to the ground. John knocked Dick Wilson down and I believe he made a dent in the ground, for he also fell and he left the picnic crying.”

I felt elated. I returned her contempt and haughty, insulting disdain with interest, while relating what, in those days was a natural, trifling incident at the first picnic on the East Belt of the Mother Lode.

(Note—I believe there are some living today that will remember John Chapman).

In concluding this chapter, I will relate an incident that occurred in Algerine in the early days. An Eastern man, new to the country, paid Algerine a visit; also one of its saloons, where a crowd of miners were gambling. They immediately made a stampede for his high hat, set it in the center of the table, put a quart bottle of liquor in it, filled the space with potatoes, and played cards for it. It was indeed a valuable stake to play for. The bottle of liquor—“good stuff”—was worth ten dollars, and the potatoes a dollar a pound. And the Easterner? His reception and the unusual and, to him, humiliating treatment of his beloved and costly silk hat rendered no returns, only fear. His pale face and trembling knees gave the rough miners the keenest joy. When his hat was returned, he made 26 fast time out of Algerine. News, however trivial, in those days seemed to fly on the wind, and this was the talk of the day in all the adjacent camps.

At this time there is very little left to show the locations of the many flourishing placer camps. Gone are the cabins, the boarding houses, the saloons and gambling dens, also the dance halls. There is nothing left to show where temples were raised to false gods. Where, beneath a roof of rough green shakes, the devotees paid tribute to Bacchus, the god of drink, in bacchanalian hilarity lost their money, and sometimes their lives. At Campo Seco—a name familiar to all—stands a live oak tree on the hill west of the county road, and overlooking the comfortable dwellings and peaceful little valley that, in early days, swarmed with a horde of miners and gambling dens. In the shade of this beautiful tree that gave of its strength, two camp followers paid the tragic debt of a life for a life. Their unmarked graves are in the vicinity.

In the early '50s such tragedies created little comment. The story, as I remember it being passed through the different camps, was that these two men killed a nightwatchman employed by the miners to guard their sluices. After the killing, they cleaned several ounces of gold and were caught in the act.

In later years, Grandpa Smith gave the story and the location of the tree. I had heard the story of the hanging, and was glad to know by authentic report concerning the tree.

At this time—November, 1924—I am a resident of Campo Seco. During the warm days of summer the shade of this beautiful tree almost reaches my dwelling. It causes hours of retrospection, when past scenes and incidents pass in mental review, and I thank God for the great gift of Hope and Memory. For without Hope the heart dies, unless one has the happy faculty of seeing only the silver lining to the dark, lowering clouds that obscure the sunlight of life. This beautiful tree also teaches me of the creative power of God, and how puny and impotent the power of man—only to destroy. Man cannot add one inch to his diminutive stature, neither can he, with the aid of thousands of guaranteed applications, cause one hair to grow on an otherwise bald head.

I remember, in the late '50s, when the hurdy-gurdies first made their appearance at the mining camps. A hurdy-gurdy consisted of four girls with a man to play the violin. The girls were mostly German and more decent than the dance-house girls. Instead of drinking strong liquor, they drank something light. This was necessary because every dance brought to the house fifty cents for drinks and fifty cents to the girl. Each and every dance cost the miner one dollar. But dollars were plentiful in those days. They were a diversion for a class of miners that wore no evening suits, that never danced in respectable society. They would remain only a few days in a camp, then move to another.

In this little history of the Early Day Pioneers I have spoken of those who by their indomitable will and fortitude faced untold dangers by land and sea. In 1848 a sailing vessel was wrecked near the Isthmus. There were few boats and many passengers to be saved. In one small boat were six who trusted their lives to Mother Ocean with very little food and water. There were two that died from exposure and fright, and were thrown overboard. One young girl and three men lived to drift to an

unknown island, nearly starved for food and water. Two of the sailors were foreign, and they with one Joseph Moss and Mary Bradleaf were the only survivors of the wreck. And they were doomed to a fate worse than death.

Joseph Moss determined to save 27 himself and Mary Bradleaf if possible. The sailors refused to go, so one dark night at high tide, with little food and water, with hearts palpitating with fear, and a prayer on their lips, they embarked in the same little boat, and drifted with the tide. For several days they drifted, and when all hope was dead, and suffering intensely for water and food, they were picked up by a sailing vessel bound, fortunately, for San Francisco. They were married in that city and in 1849 came to Tuolumne. There are now only five of the family living: two sons, John and Alex; and three girls, Josephine, Mary and Tamie. They are honest, industrious, and well respected citizens, born and raised in Tuolumne county.

To date the adventures and sufferings of Mr. and Mrs. Moss is not in the province of my history, but goes to prove the dangers of the sea, as did the many graves we passed in 1852 prove the dangers and hardships of crossing the plains.

Cherokee, the first placer camp in the East Belt of the Mother Lode section, still retains its name, and is slowly regaining prominence as a mining camp, both placer and quartz.

One of the early day pioneer placer miners, Giovanni Scanavino, remained and lived to transform the once rich placer ground into fruit and vegetable gardens. Mr. Scanavino has been dead twenty years. His good wife lived with her eldest son, Andrew, after the death of her husband until her death on April 30, 1924. Emilio and Mrs. Mela Hoyt are a son and a daughter living in Jamestown. Mrs. Hoyt owns and edits the Mother Lode Magnet of Jamestown, a bright, newsy paper. She is assisted by her brother, Emilio.

I believe one of the early day store buildings still stands in Cherokee, to defy time and scorn the transitory works of man.

No history of early days in Tuolumne county would be complete without a biographical sketch of one of our noble Pioneers, Dr. John Shaw. With a kind disposition, and competent, he filled his appointed days with us in honor. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland, Nov. 24, 1824. Came to the United States in 1846; finished his education in Wilmington, North Carolina as a chemist and druggist. He came to San Francisco in 1852 and was married in 1854 to Miss Hester Brangon in San Francisco by the first Presbyterian minister on the coast, the Rev. Samuel H. Willey—the first protestant minister to enter the land of gold.

Mr. Shaw crossed the oceans on the sailing vessels Illinois and John Stephens. He was a life-long Democrat; was County Treasurer and Deputy County Treasurer, and one of the first school trustees in Sonora; was a member of the Odd Fellows through life from 1852 until his death, 1906.

Dr. Shaw introduced the first rain gauge in Tuolumne county, and gathered a valuable and important mineral cabinet. He left to mourn his death sons and daughters that are an honor to his name and memory.

The first orchard planted in Tuol-county was at Jacksonville in the early '50s by Capt. Smart. I understand some evidence of the trees still remains as mute reminders of Pioneer industry and thrift. Capt. Smart's great-niece, Mrs. Flora Greenlaw Grupe, lives near Stockton and is president of the Pioneer Auxiliary. Her brother, L. A. Greenlaw, resides in Sonora.

Mr. Bernard Meyers, who passed away a few months ago, and Nellie, his worthy wife, at this writing still living in Sonora, knew of many interesting incidents that occurred in early days. Two of their children left, Mrs. Frank Mallard and Mrs. James Reed, 28 reside in Sonora. Mr. Meyers mined during the gold rush, later engaged in the mercantile business and still later took life easy, attending only to the duties of a bank director.

William Price is still with the living, resting peacefully and quietly under his own vine and fig tree. He was a member of the law and order club during the wild lawless times of the maniacal

gold craze of early days. His family is an honor and pleasure to his old age. Strong and honorable, ranking high with the best, Lee Price was Sheriff for several years of Tuolumne county.

In this history I must not forget the Daniels sisters, Nellie and Mary. They were widely known as the "Chapparal Quails." This nickname was no disparagement; it was the custom of that day, and would cling like a leech. They were very popular, very handsome, and just as good as they were pretty. Like all young girls in those days, they had passed through the grades of the Three R's. Education and refinement appealed to them. They came to Tuolumne while very young. Their parents were early pioneers and settled in the Rawhide section. Mr. Daniels mined and farmed on a small farm.

William D. Gibbs and his brother Jack came from Texas in the early '50s. In 1856 William married Mary Summers at the bride's home, twelve miles below French Bar, or La Grange, on the Tuolumne river. In 1859 he moved to Summersville and subsequently located land near the Marlow Camp, four miles from Summersville, where most of his numerous family were born. The only children remaining in Tuolumne county now are Jas. L. Gibbs of Tuolumne and his twin sister, Mrs. F. F. Ball of Sonora, and Jesse Gibbs, merchant, in Jamestown. The late Mrs. W. E. Booker of Jamestown was also a daughter. A son, Henry Gibbs, resides in Texas. Another son, Roy Gibbs, lives in Selma. Three other daughters are: Mrs. L. E. Sawrie, of Selma; Mrs. E. J. Needham of Modesto, and Mrs. F. E. Berger, of Berkeley.

William C. Connally was an early pioneer on the East Belt. He was a native of Alabama, living a few years at Little Rock, Arkansas, prior to the great adventure of gold mining in California. He was elected to the Assembly and died in Sacramento; was brought home and buried in Summersville. He was very popular with all the miners, and a man of education. He left four sons and one daughter. George and Frank are living in Tuolumne. Mrs. Alice Lee Winwood, his daughter, lives in Oakland. Charles moved to San Luis Obispo, where he died in December, 1924. William, the other son, has been dead about 18 years. They were born during an age of some educational advantages. Every decade advanced wonderful changes in educational and social conditions, and mode of living, that I never dreamed of when a child.

Thomas O. West, a native of England, was one of the early miners that came to Summersville. I think he mined in the Eureka. He very quickly adapted himself and accepted the conditions then prevailing, was a good mixer socially, and well liked by old and young. He did not let the opportunity to advance slip by. When Soulsbyville grew into a thrifty mining town, Mr. West moved to Soulsbyville with his family and opened a large and well stocked provision store. The family now living reside in Soulsbyville. John West, a son, is an efficient, intelligent business man, well liked, and carries on the mercantile business in Soulsbyville—a true son of the West, born in early days in Summersville, a mining town that once stood at the head of its class.

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Thomas Walton and his wife, Mattie, came to the East Belt as early pioneers. Mr. Walton engaged in placer mining at Marlow. They came from Texas. They were a worthy and welcome addition to the little band of early pioneers who were fighting adverse conditions one met all along the line. They were called many years ago. A part of the family they left reside in Sonora. Will and John Walton are well and favorably known. Mrs. Charles Livingston of Sonora is a daughter. Mrs. Eliza Greiner, Jefferson and Hattie Walton are the other remaining children.

A prominent pioneer family were the Fitzgeralds. They were promoters, and identified with the Mother Lode mines through its infancy in early days, and until the fame of the Mother Lode became universal.

Henry Burden, our present Coroner and Public Administrator, an early pioneer, should be remembered. Though his hair is white, his eyes are bright and his heart is young.

Larose Daveluy settled during early days at Confidence, and supplied miners with all that could be secured in those days—provisions and clothing. He always met his patrons and friends with a welcome smile, and was well liked by all classes. He leaves a brother and nephew, Fred and Avilla Daveluy of Tuolumne, that own and publish the Prospector. They are fine men and publish a fine paper.

In this biographical section I will tell something that has been accepted by the earliest miners on the East Belt and Mother Lode as authentic: William Trengove, Sr., father of Mrs. Jos. Barron, of Soulsbyville, with two companions, ventured into the hills east of Sonora. They traveled without chart, prospecting for gold. They reached a beautiful creek, the first white men to visit it or admire its beauty, in 1853. Hearing an unearthly noise some distance up the creek, they knew they were in the vicinity of an Indian rancheria. As this did not agree with their plans of safety, they concluded to turn back. Inscribing their names on a large tree on the west bank of the creek, they also gave the creek the name of Turnback Creek, by which it has been known through many decades of mining industry and subsequent civilizing process of time on the East Belt.

P. B. (or Captain) Smith was an early arrival, and helped to separate the sheep from the goats. Fortunately for the residents of Campo Seco, he selected that vicinity for his permanent abode. As he was capable, mentally and physically, he rendered assistance to law and order. He left to worthy sons and daughters the tradition of early days, land and honor. His sons, although descending the shady slopes of old age, keep the fields he left, adjacent to Campo Seco, well stocked and green. Captain (or Grandpa) Smith, as he was lovingly called in his latest years, died in 1907. The children of Capt. Smith are: A. L., P. B. and G. W. Smith of Jamestown; W. H. Smith, of Oakland; Mrs. L. M. McRae, of Jamestown; Mrs. G. B. Neighbor, of Snelling; Mrs. Frank Mugler, of San Jose, and Mrs. H. B. Pease, of Oakland.

A prominent family to settle in the East Belt was that of Pap Williams. They came some time in the '50s and settled up in the mountains. Many readers will recall John D. to memory. Pap had three pretty daughters who were pretty lively and fond of company, consequently all trails led to Pap's. Miss Lizzie was the eldest of the girls. They were all pleasant—Misses Mima and Nancy Jane. They often gave week-end parties and everybody was respectfully invited. It's strange how small, unimportant incidents will be remembered through 30 the decades of a long life. I with several others from our neighborhood selected the best and shortest trail to Pap's to one of these enjoyable dances. I was a big, awkward girl, but I, too, loved fun. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Some time before supper I stepped out on the porch with Lizzie. The porch was in shadow. Just in front

in the yard was Ben Edmondson, enjoying the moonlight and smoking his pipe. He was one of our boarders. Just then a man entered the gate and spoke to Ben:

“Say, you! What for you dance mit Lizzie I count it three times already? I hurt you!”

Ben removed his pipe, knocked the ashes out of it, and placed it in his pocket. With a broad grin, he looked the stranger over and said:

“Jump to it, McDuff!”

“You bet my life I yump! I hit me my hands mit your head!”

Ben laughed a loud, contagious laugh, at the same time unbuttoning his vest.

Lizzie looked at me and saw what was due to happen, for I was suffocating with suppressed laughter. I knew Ben, and I had an unholy desire to see him manhandle the impudent pup. Lizzie placed a strong hand over my mouth, and with a grip on the back of my neck, forced me inside, through the kitchen, and out on the back porch. Lizzie had a solemn, scared look on her face. I noticed Ben and Lizzie waltzing directly afterwards. I never learned the details.

Lizzie with her husband, Zeke Westinghouse, was called many years ago.

Mima married Ben Soulsby. They are living near Soulsbyville. Miss Nancy Jane is living in Soulsbyville. John D. answered the call a few years since. Pap and Ma have been gone many years—all worthy pioneers.

In 1853-4 there was a large population of Chinese in Tuolumne county. They were harmless, industrious, and they were a great convenience to all classes, especially as cooks and laundrymen. They were quiet and peaceable and free from the degrading influences of whiskey. They were not disorderly, and a lazy one does not exist. They were to be found wherever men with gold were congregated, working always working, in some capacity. A great many were working abandoned placer claims with rockers. They had stores, jewelry shops, and other trades in all the larger towns.

They bought gold and manufactured the most beautiful jewelry, using no alloy. They were treated civilly by the early pioneers, but after the advent of the rough element from the cities, the conditions were naturally changed for both whites and Chinese, and they sometimes made life a burden, especially to the Chinks, as they were considered lawful prey.

Sometimes there would be a mix-up between the Mexicans and Chinamen that would create a breeze. Both were handy with knives, and when they met in battle it was usually a sanguinary affair. Unlike the Japs, they did not try to swallow the Pacific Coast, with the hook, line and sinker thrown in for good measure.

It is beyond my ability to describe the thousand and one articles of merchandise that were in the store in early days here in Sonora. One thing I remember was the doughnuts. I think they were imported. Some kind of nut flour and fine seed was used; they were round as a ball and most delicious.

THE TRAMP

The tramp in early days was an unknown quantity. If a man went broke in those days he did not proclaim the fact to the world, and try to work on the sympathy of the people, even for a cold "hand out." No, Sir-ree. If 31 flour was twenty dollars a sack, he would not eat bread until he had dug up enough dust to pay for it. Besides he had various and peculiar uses for the flour sack. Remember, I am speaking of the better class of pioneers. Even the name of "tramp" was unknown; also the bandit or highway robber. Not until the days of Three-Fingered Jack introduced the method, and then robbed mostly Chinamen.

A PROPHECY

An Allegory of Truth and Fiction TRUTH Bald Mountain, Sonora's land mark, in early days produced much gold and offered her wealth to the world to harvest. In the gold pregnant west, full of hope for the world, Bald Mountain stood boldly supreme in her pride; Her jewels were boulders,

tall trees were her crown, She held in her bosom what all mortals love, Pure gold in abundance, that all mortals crave, To dig for, and fight for, through life to the grave.

ALLEGORY

The moonlight cast a radiance over the outline of the mountain. The amaranths growing on its summit diffused an unearthly, beautiful, amaranthine glow. Unrolled to my view was a scene of enchantment seldom vouchsafed to mortal eyes. The chaparral and manzanita made a scenic background for the deer that grazed on her sunny slopes in winter and rested under her tall trees in summer. The Indian trails, and Indians, gazing with the deer, with fear and trembling at the white men in the distance, made the foreground and completed a landscape of enchantment. One could stare at it forever in worshipful fascination. This enchanting scene did not seem to be the hallucination of a delirious brain. I was not startled when a low, sympathetic voice spoke my name.

“Mortal, the voice of the spirit of Bald Mountain speaks. Do you hear my voice?”

“Yea, I hear.”

“You are old. You have passed through many vicissitudes of life. You have seen and know what evolution has done since Pride, Graft and Vanity have twisted the heart out of Truth and Mercy. Mortal have you gained wisdom?”

“Nay. My life has been as a reed shaken by the wind. The Book of Life has not yet opened its pages of wisdom for me to read.”

“Mortal, I am from time immemorial immutable. After all this generation has passed through; the feverish drama of life; seeking for what they cannot find, grasping the shadow for the substance, and the tinsel for the gold. After they have laid all sorrow, pleasure, aspirations, and disappointment in the grave, the wise man will come, who can invoke his destructive agents—Electricity, Dynamite, Water, and Cheap Labor. He will change the face of nature wherever gold can be found.

Table Mountain and her adjacent flats will again cast wealth to the intelligence and industry of man. Mortal, farewell. You will hear my voice no more!”

WISDOM

As weighed in the scales of the early forty-nine pioneers in California—and King Solomon.

Our people earned gold by the sweat of the brow. The more they worked, the more gold they gathered. Gold was a much desired and marketable product. It was used as exchange for food and all the necessities of life. It was used extensively in building comfortable homes in all the valleys of California, and thusly providing comfort to thousands and tens of thousands. The circulation made a mighty city of San Francisco and lifted Stockton from a Slough of Despond. It raised the dome of our State Capitol to a thing of beauty and admiration. It built towns from San Francisco to the Nevada State line; towns that are live wires today. All this and more our pioneers did. Did they show wisdom?

Now let's investigate several centuries in the past and see where, how and when King Solomon was wise. I will borrow a few lines from the popular American Vanguard and tell you: “King Solomon, the good book says, Was wise as man could be; He almost was a Demigod— A mighty saint was he. He built for God a dwelling house Most wondrous to behold; A palace fit for any king, A temple roofed with gold. His camel trains reached every land, His ships to Ophir sped; With Sheba's queen he dallied and With Pharaoh's daughter wed. He had three hundred wives, And concubines galore; His harem stock inventoried A thousand gals and more. But men no longer walk with faith; The evil times are on; The saints have fled to heaven and The good old times are gone..”

Solomon, with all his wisdom and earthly glory, never gave to his working people one-half the pleasure that Henry Ford gave when he placed a good reliable automobile in the hands of labor at a commensurate price that all can pay. It rejuvenates the old, and gives joy to the young, and scatters—yea, radiates—pleasure. A poor toiler may be forced to work long hours, and eat a liver sandwich for lunch, but he has the satisfaction of knowing when his neighbors are all going to the celebration or picnic he will not be left. For he has a Ford. He, too can take his tired wife and the children, and

in so doing he enjoys and breathes the same atmosphere that his rich neighbor does. All hail the automobile! It has passed its luxury vocation in the lives of men—it is now a necessity.

When one considers the vast and unlimited resources of Tuolumne county, one will not be surprised at the ever growing population. That housing conditions in Sonora, Jamestown and Columbia cannot cope with it, shows the rapid influx of people from all over the world. The West Side and Standard Lumber Companies have thousands on their payrolls, and ship annually millions of feet of fine lumber.

With two fine marble quarries producing first-class marble; the finest apples known to the world; diversified farming of all kinds of fruit and vegetables; where the fig and orange and semi-tropical products flourish—I would ask, after considering the electric power and water facilities: Is it surprising that people come and in ever increasing numbers continue to come to Tuolumne County? Thousands of tourists come to our mountains in summer, seeking cool shade and cold water, the solitude and the repose guaranteed by the state line.

As the tourists love the mountains, so do I; but not as ground for a summer's recreation. They have been a silent communal of my sorrows and joys. I love nature. The solitude and loneliness of the forest; the sunset and the descending night.

The mountains have for me the charm of comradeship; they have been a part and parcel of my life for over seventy years. In the mountains, with waving pines, I had known 33 the joys of childhood; also the sorrows of life. I could no more be happy away from what they give than the fledgling of an eagle.

I love the mountain brooks, with the profusion of tall ferns and thimble berries. Where the willows wave above the transitory water, and the wild roses distilled perfume in the solitude.

All these God-given glories were mine to admire and love through a long life of sunshine and shadow.

“Coming events cast their shadows before,” as seen through old and worn glasses.

POLITICAL ECONOMY

A few remarks from the writer will conclude this little history of one decade, or, in reality, only eight years—an epoch of deprivation, trials, danger, and sorrow. We were instruments known and recognized as Pioneers, and predestined to civilize the Pacific Coast. Our work is done. After a mental review of the heroic men and women with whom my young life was intimately associated, who are leaving just as heroic sons and daughters, who will struggle, and fight to the last ditch to keep clean and unpolluted this land, the inheritance we leave them,—one of the best countries under the canopy of Heaven. God, in His creation of the Earth, gave to the oceans a boundary, as he gave to all the nations of the earth an abiding place, containing land and water,—a home and a country to call their own,—and each and every one has its boundary. Every member of a Christian nation should believe in an intelligent Creator and Ruler of the Universe. No people that has not this belief should be allowed admittance or a right of way over our boundary line. As clay and iron will not mix, neither can Americans and the Oriental nations. They are a menace to the millions of the laboring class of our country. Keep them out, and while doing this, I believe it is good policy to keep our country free from all entangling treaties with foreign nations.

While so many men and women are courting notoriety and trying to get their names and pictures in the papers and asking our President to sign peace treaties, I say if they would go home and while the children were eating a satisfying meal, prepared by mother, they would read the inspired prophecy of Daniel, they might realize how foolish and futile are their vain efforts to unite the countries of Europe or permanently end wars.

We have the early history that after the Roman Empire, kings and emperors tried, and failed, to unite these countries. First Charlemagne; then Charles V, Louis XIV, and last Napoleon. Yes, even the great Napoleon failed, and why? Because God's word and the inspired prophecy of Daniel must be fulfilled.

While Capital is the brains that keep the cogs and wheels of prosperity turning, the working millions are the backbone and sinews, main strength and dependence of our country. In order to maintain strength, as Bill Nye once said, they “must eat, to give them strength to earn more grub, and do more work.” Yes, in war or peace, they are the bulwark of our nation. Their best interests should always be considered by every one who casts a vote. Let him be in Washington or at home, the law-maker in protecting the best interests of labor shows a love of country and a true democratic American characteristic. I remember away back in the good old times when there was tax of four dollars a month on all Orientals. They paid this tax or were deported. At the present time they reap the harvest and product of our land, while many of our citizens are homeless, 34 with hungry children. They cheapen labor, are a detriment and menace to all in our land, except Capital, while our citizens are taxed, I will say, to the full value of their eye teeth.

In early days man paid an exorbitant price for food, but he could dig the price from rich placers; but, ah, me! the placers are gone, but an exorbitant price for food remains, and men can only place their trust in the Lord, while devoutly hoping the merchant will trust them. Simple as the high cost of living may sound, it is a problem that is filling the insane asylums and suicidal graves all over our land. Where will it end?

The year 1860 dawned on a quiet, industrious and happy country all through the Mother Lode counties. Even then the war clouds of the Civil War were casting somber shadows and the threat of a current of devastation, want and death over all our beloved land. What more could cruel fate do to obstruct our progress?

We had conquered the wilderness, as by fortitude and will power, and had reared a new and better town of Sonora after the destructive fire that laid it in ashes in 1852.

Very few early day pioneers are alive today that can tell of the Civil War.

THE END.

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